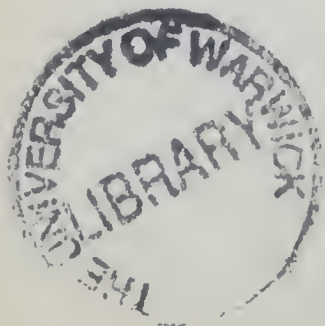


A.

ACTRESS
of
All Work

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T Jones del.

The Actress of all work.

RIA. The one he thrust comme sa ! (during this song she drives the manager over to L.H.D. and thrusts at him with her fan &c.)

Duncombe's Edition.

THE
ACTRESS OF ALL WORK ;

OR,
MY COUNTRY COUSIN :

A COMIC SKETCH,

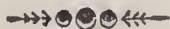
IN
ONE ACT.

BY W. OXBERRY, COMEDIAN.

~~~~~  
THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED FROM THE  
PROMPTER'S BOOK; WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, SITUATIONS,  
AND DIRECTIONS.

~~~~~  
AS PERFORMED AT

The London Theatres.



LONDON :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. DUNCOMBE ;
19, LITTLE QUEEN STREET, HOLBORN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Drury Lane.	Original Cast. Surrey.
<i>Manager</i>	Mr. Webster.	Mr. Sloman.
<i>Frederick (his Son)</i>	Mr. Mercer.	Mr Widdicomb.
<i>Maria (an Actress of Provincial celebrity)</i>	Miss Clara Fisher.	Mrs. Edwin.
<i>Bridget (Country Gawky)</i>	Miss Clara Fisher.	Mrs. Edwin.
<i>Flourish (a first-rate London Actress, Cousin to Bridget)</i>	} Miss Clara Fisher.	Mrs. Edwin.
<i>Goody Stubbins (a deaf amorous old Lady of 80, Bridget's grand-aunt)</i>		
<i>Lounge (a Literary Fop, intriguing with Bridget, betrothed to Flourish)</i>		
<i>Mademoiselle Josephine, (an Opera Singer from Paris)</i>	} Miss Clara Fisher.	Mrs. Edwin.

COSTUME.

Manager—a snit of old man's black, full curled powdered wig.

Frederick—plain walking dress.

Maria—1st dress, plain muslin frock.

2nd dress, chintz gown, short red cloak, straw hat trimmed with red ribbons, mob cap, black mittens.

3rd dress, white muslin robe, crimson silk pellice, swan-down tippet, cap and feather.

4th dress, Brocade silk gown, lace ruffles, old-fashioned cap, and spectacles.

5th dress, brown frock coat, white waistcoat, trowsers, and hat.

6th dress, blue silk dress, ridiculously trimmed, French head dress.

Exits and Entrances:

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R.D. *Right Door*; L.D. *Left Door*; S.E. *Second Entrance*; U.E. *Upper Entrance*; M.D. *Middle Door*.

Relative Positions.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; RC. *Right of Centre*; LC. *Left of Centre*.

ACTRESS OF ALL WORK.



SCENE I.

A Room. Letters, books, papers, &c. on table.

Enter FREDERICK and MARIA, (R.H.D.)

Fred. Be under do alarm—my father has gone out upon particular business, and will not soon return. But why this dread to meet him?

Mar. Because his answer to my letter, leaves me no hope.

Fred. A letter is not always—

Mar. His, is so very positive.

Fred. You think so?

Mar. Nay then, judge yourself. (*reads*) “I have no opening in my company for the line you mention. You may be clever—and I dare say you are. My son says you are the best actress he ever saw, in your way, but he’s a fool—a young stager, and don’t know what’s what. In short, my company is complete. But if I could meet with a lady who would render herself of general utility in the drama, she would be of great use in case of sudden indisposition—a thing not very uncommon in my company.—But I must be an eye-witness of her talent, before I engage he. Wishing you success, I am, &c. William Buskin.”

Mar. Is that plain?

Fred. Why, yes.—But what is to be done?

Mar. Follow your father, and endeavour to forget me.

Fred. Can Maria speak thus? am I then become so indifferent to you?

Mar. Indifferent! Does it look like indifference when I am willing to relinquish a London engagement, and expose myself to all the vicissitudes attendant upon a country actor’s life, that I may be near you. Indifferent!

Fred. Forgive me,—indeed I know not what I say.

Mar. I have a great mind to plague you a little—but you look so melancholy I can’t find it in my heart.—Listen then to my plan.—

Fred. Speak, speak, my love!—revive my hopes.

Mar. This it is then. I am about once more to try my success with your father, by endeavouring to display before him that variety of talent, the flattery of my friends would persuade me to possess.

Fred. Good!

Mar. The lady of the house is in my interest.—She has given me a room, in which I have just arranged every thing that is necessary for my purpose.

Fred. I am greatly afraid it will not succeed—these disguises have been so often resorted to.

Mar. Never fear—I have managed them so well, that I think they would deceive even you.

Fred. Can I be of any assistance?

Mar. None at all—you would only be in the way. Trust all to my management. (*a noise without, L.H.*)

Fred. Hark! my father has returned—I hear him coming up stairs. Go out this way;—the small staircase will bring you to the landlady's room.

Mar. Adieu!—and may Fortune smile propitious on our hopes. [*Exit, R.H. 2d E.*]

Enter MANAGER, (L.H. D.)

Man. Well, at length I have dispatched my actors—a damned tattered set to be sure; but that's no great matter. It is not the first time that modest merit has been clothed in rags.

Fred. True, father,—and the pay of a country actor is so small, that if he can but eat, he must make up his mind to be indifferent as to dress.

Man. Send the stage-keeper to the printer's for a proof of my announce bill.

Fred. Yes, sir. I am so impatient to know the success of Maria's plans, that I shall make bold to listen.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Man. A new theatre, and a company of first-rate talent, must ensure success. I'll write a flaming puff for the opening—nothing done without it, from the prime minister down to the vender of patent blacking. I may borrow a few hints from some of the London play-bills.

Enter MARIA, (L.H. 2d E.) dressed as a Country Gawky.

Looks at Manager for some time, as if afraid to speak.

Man. Well, child,—what do you want?

Mar. He! he! he!—Want?



Man. Do you look for me?

Mar. He! he! he!—I am looking for a body—

Man. Well, is it me, you want?

Mar. Yes—No.—I want a—a—a—O lawks!—I—it's a—How do you call it?—a—

Man. Call what?

Mar. I don't know—It's a man—a—mana—

Man. Manager, I suppose.

Mar. Yes, yes, that's it!

Man. I am he.

Mar. Lawks, what a funny man!—Are you a manager?

Man. I am.

Mar. Why I declare you are just like another man.

Man. (*aside*) What a simpleton! Well, my dear, what do you want with me?

Mar. Nothing.

Man. Well, but you didn't come here for nothing?

Mar. No, I come from the country three days ago—I wants to be hired.

Man. Oh, you come to know if I want a maid-servant?

Mar. O lawks! no,—I don't want to be a servant—I—a—I—that—he! he! he!

Man. I—a—I—that—What the devil do you want?—who are you?

Mar. I live with my' grand-aunt, goody Stubbins, a little way off in the country.

Man. Indeed!

Mar. Yes—he! he! I'm no fool—he! he! he!

Man. That's more than I'll swear for.

Mar. (*playing with his wig*) What a pretty wig—he, he, he!

Man. Will you be quiet?—and, if you can, tell me what's your business here?

Mar. He, he, he!—I wants—I wants to act—he, he, he!

Man. To what?

Mar. To act. My consin acts all the great parts at the Lunnun show-shop.—She gave me a ticket to see it.—Lawks! what a pure place it was—what a many people—and fiddlers that play all together, and make such a noise! and then the people come on and sing—and say this, and that, and t'other—and then my cousin she came on, and wanted to be married to such a sweet young gentleman—but his father wouldn't let him at first—but at last he did, and then every body went away so happy. He, he, he!

Man. And you were vastly pleased, I dare say.

Mar. He, he, he!—yes. And then I asked cousin, if I should be at the wedding—and she said it was all sham, and that she did so every night, and got such a deal of money by it.

Man. And do you want to act?

Mar. He, he, he! Yes, if you please, sir,—I want to sham too.

Man. You can't be serious.—To act in comedy, requires —(*with great consequence.*)

Mar. No, no, tragedy! summut about “He call Roller husband—I call Roller father.” And summut about my child, and——

Man. Have you a good study?

Mar. He, he, he! What's that?

Man. I mean, can you learn your lesson well?

Mar. Yes, purely.—I know by heart all the story of Margaret and William. (*sings.*)

BALLAD.—MARIA.

'Twas in the dark and dreary hour,
When all was fast asleep;
When in came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

How could you say my eyes were bright,
And leave those eyes to weep?
How could you steal my virgin heart,
And leave that heart to break?

Man. (*interrupting her*) There, that will do,—that's quite enough.

Mar. It's a sweet song, isn't it? And there's a gentleman who courts my cousin, says as how he'll teach me any thing. He's coming to speak to you about it.

Man. He need not trouble himself—my company is full; and you would be of no service, unless to play idiots.

Mar. And won't you have me? (*crying*) Why then you are a nasty, ugly, little old man. I'll cry myself to death, that's what I will,—and when I'm dead, my ghost shall haunt you as Margaret's did William. I will be a actress. O! O! O—h!

[*Exit crying, L.H. D.*]

Man. Poor girl! (*mimics her*) I want to act. Ha, ha, ha! I have seen many ridiculous pretenders to the art, but never one so headstrong as this. A gawky from the country—don't know a word of English, and wants to play high tragedy. (*mimics her*) “Than I call Roller

husband—he call Roller father.” Ha, ha, ha!—a pretty Cora indeed?

Re-enter MARIA, (L.H. S.E.) dressed very affectedly; an eye-glass, reticule, &c. She looks at the Manager thro’ the glass with a bold and impudent air.

Mar. (enters speaking) The door to the left, you say—very well. Oh, are you the man they call the manager?

Man. Yes, madam. *(aside)* By my honour she’s a bold one.

Mar. Glad to meet you. You don’t know me?

Man. No, madam.

Mar. So much the worse for you.—I am an actress of some consequence on the London boards.

Man. Madam, I—*(with great ceremony)*

Mar. Don’t talk.—I am not come to solicit an engagement—it’s a very unusual thing for me to go in search of a manager.—I never make the first advances.

Man. Certainly not, madam.—It is a manager’s duty to solicit such great talent as——

Mar. Don’t talk. If you mean that as a compliment—it’s very clumsily done.

Man. Your pardon, madam. I was going to say——

Mar. Don’t talk. I have a cousin, a young woman lately come from the country.

Man. Oh, then you are——

Mar. Don’t talk. She’s an idiot, a simpleton, who can neither read, write, speak, or talk; and who has taken it into her head to be an actress.

Man. She has just left the room——

Mar. I know it. She told you she was to be instructed by a young gentleman.

Man. She did; and——

Mar. I know it. A word with you, sir;—that young man is my intended husband.

Man. (aside) Poor young man.

Mar. (sharply) What’s that you say?

Man. (bowing) Enviably man.

Mar. (curtseying) Oh! He is young, handsome, and witty—but light, fickle, and has a thousand defects, as all men have.

Man. All! madam?

Mar. (imitating him) All! sir.

Man. You judge our sex rather severely.

Mar. Not at all—not at all. I have not studied so long but I know these things. You take me, I suppose, for one of those giddy extravagant flirts, that——

Man. Damme—she's mad!

Mar. What's that you say, sir,—mad! have I the appearance of one deranged? Sir, you may thank your stars that I am naturally mild and timid,—I sometimes get into a passion, and then woe to him that dare resist me.

AIR.

Timid, mild, my temper, when I my way,
'Tis said, in all things have;
Oppose me but a little—then, sir, say,
Who dare my fury brave?

Man. Say what you will—do what you will—I'll not oppose you, madam.

Mar. Then, sir, I shall return to the purpose of my visit, and to the young man of whom I spoke to you. He will wait on you, and solicit you to take my idiot of a cousin into your company. The interest he takes in this young girl I suspect, and justly—let it suffice to tell you that I wish, and *insist*, that you refuse all his solicitations.

Man. Madam, you shall be obeyed. (*aside*) I wish she'd go.

Mar. Don't talk.—I know they'll try to bribe you to their interest—but don't listen to them.

Man. I won't.

Mar. Resist all their intreaties.

Man. I shall.

Mar. Refuse all their bribes.

Man. I will.

Mar. Attend to me.

Man. I do.

Mar. Comply with my request.

Man. Yes.

Mar. And command my services for a few nights at the opening of your new theatre.

Man. (*elated*) Madam! I——

Mar. Disobey me, and——

[*Exit, L.H. U.E. singing part of the air, "Timid, mild, my temper, &c."*]

Man. By my honour, it requires very little study to enable you to play the shrews; an untamed Catherine.—No

wonder at a manager's losing his temper, when he has such turbulent ones as these to deal with.—However, had I meant otherwise, it is to my interest to comply with her request,—a London actress of her consequence will give eclat to the opening of my new theatre.

*Enter MARIA, (L.H. 2nd E.) as MRS. STUBBINS,
met by the Manager.*

Man. Well, what do you want?

Mar. Eh!—no—I'll not sit down, I thank you—I'm not tired; a little hard of hearing or so—

Man. Who are you?

Mar. Eh!—oh—yes, I know she has been here—the dear girl. But I hope you won't take her from me and make her a player.

Man. Oh, then, I suppose this is Mrs. Stubbins, the grand-aunt of that stupid young idiot that has given me so much trouble—the fool——

Mar. No, she never went to school—I learnt her all myself—and a notable clever body it was, till this play-acting got into her head.—To be sure what's bred in the bone you know—I was fond of it myself when I was a young woman.

Man. Madam, I have a great deal to do, and would be obliged by your absence.

Mar. Eh!—Oh—yes, I got a great deal of applause.—One of the actors became enamoured of me too—a sweet young man, as like you, as two peas—handsome soul!—*(Courting the Manager.)* The figure so like—so elegant—so witty—so engaging;—had you but seen how he expressed his love, elegant youth!—so—so—ho! ho! ho!

(Faints in the Manager's arms.)

Man. Ma'am—madam! what the devil is she at?

Mar. (recovering) Where am I?—Do these dear arms enfold me?—extatic thought!

Man. Damme—but I wish she'd take her tambourine face somewhere else. Madam, will you depart?

Mar. No—we'll never part—I can still be useful to you, for when young I was very partial to the drama.

Man. Damme—she's cracked!

Mar. The last time I appeared on the stage, I played Statira.

Man. Statira!

Man. 'This conduct is new to me.

Mar. Eh!—yes. I don't think that I should do for that part now.

Man. No—nor I neither.

Mar. Don't look so lovely—don't, you gay deceiver—I can't bear it. Why will you cause my heart to flutter so?

Man. Flutter and be damned, for what I care. I wish you'd go.

Mar. Oh! there's no resisting you—take my hand, which I for eighty years have kept, as the great Roman warrior said,— 'Chaste as the icicle

That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.'

I'll go and prepare my wedding dress, and return upon the wings of love. But I cannot go without one embrace.

(*She embraces him.*)

SONG—MARIA.

Extatic lovely pangs that beat within my breast,
Ah cease, ah cease awhile, and let a maiden rest;
O Cupid, god of love, I own thy sov'reign sway,
My gentle, tender heart, alas! is stole away.

Faddle laddle litum, faddle liddle litum,
Faddle laddle litum, faddle liddle de.

Love's glances from my eyes, have pierced you to the heart,
You with sighs your flame reveal—it would be death to part;
Though the world may scoff, their taunting may pass free,
For I'm the maid he loves, and he's the man for me.

Faddle laddle litum, &c.

Exit, L.H. 2nd E.

Man. An amorous old tabby—her wedding dress!—Well, this beats all in my remembrance—I have often heard of the follies of youth, but this is reversing the picture with a vengeance. Thank heaven, before she can make the necessary arrangements for the awful event she thinks awaits her, I shall be many miles removed from her, and her 'faddle laddle litum de.'

*Enter MARIA. (L.H. 2nd E.) dressed in male attire,
and in the extravagance of fashion.*

Mar. Hallo!—where's this quiz of a manager?—Oh, there you are.—How are you my old boy?

Man. Old boy!—sir, let me tell you—

Mar. (laughing) Ha, ha, ha!—What?

Mar. Is it?—then patronize it. To hit upon any thing new now, is so rare, that when you do, you ought to give it more than common encouragement.

Man. Well, but who are you?

Mar. That's what *I* want to know,—I know almost every thing, but have not yet learned to know myself.

Man. Well, what do you want?

Mar. You.

Man. I guessed as much, when I saw you enter this apartment.

Mar. Then you guessed right. How do you do? I'm overjoyed to see you, and to favor you with my acquaintance.

Man. Sir!

Mar. Give me your hand, my old boy!

Man. May I know to whom I've the honor of speaking, and what procures me the advantage of seeing you?

Mar. My name is Lounge—an idle, rattling fellow,—an enemy to no one, but sometimes useful to my friends; I come with a desire of being useful to you—not with my purse—that's not my way, but——

Man. Will you be so kind as to tell me in what way you wish to oblige me?

Mar. I am one of those that can make both authors and actors.

Man. Indeed! as how, pray?

Mar. Attend. First night of a new piece, author sends me orders, which I distribute amongst my friends—good; go to the theatre, place my friends around me, and direct all their movements; music over, up goes the curtain—I can't say a word for fear of being suspected—good. The actors appear—I say nothing; the first scenes pass off well—the audience applaud—I keep my hands in my pocket—say nothing; should a moment of languor come on, insinuate to all around me—well written—good style, neat thought—not felt, but charming; should there be a murmur of disapprobation, I stop it in the beginning, and aided by my colleagues, drown it by applauding and shouting—silence there—let the actor speak—hear, hear, hear!—listen to the speech—shame, shame—turn him out! piece rises—bravo—bravo!—piece saved—town tickled—author happy—manager content—and thus I raise from the dust to the clouds.

Man. That's very well for the author—but now the actors.

Mar. I'll tell you—my Lord B. has a protege he wishes to appear on the London boards—sends for me—I negotiate the business with the manager—appearance granted, attend rehearsal—get the newspapers in her interest—theatrical critics generally good-natured; run to the Marquis of Sly, Lord Dash, and Sir Thomas Knowall—report the young debutante—fine voice—action graceful—form angelic; must go—exert your interest—can't refuse—splendid house—run from box to box—trump her praise; few think for themselves—rely upon my taste—all goes well—fan applause—and encore from the boxes—hats and handkerchiefs waving in the pit—and bravo, bravo! from the gallery, does the business.

Man. Upon my word, authors and actors are much beholden to you.

Mar. My dear sir, applause is as necessary to draw forth good acting, as food to the hungry—supplies to the ministry, or a place to stop the mouth of a wou'd be patriot.

Man. But, sir, you have not yet told me the purport of your visit.

Mar. True. You must know, I have promised to introduce that pretty country girl that was here this morning, to a London audience; but before I do that, I think it necessary she should pass her noviciate in the country.

Man. My dear sir, she is such a fool——

Mar. You know nothing of the matter; there is more talent there than met your eye at first sight, (*pulls out her watch.*) Odds my life! I've staid beyond my time—it's near eleven, and I have an appointment at that hour of the first consequence. I'll return in the course of the morning, and bring our country cousin with me. (*going, L.H.*)

Man. Stay, my dear sir—I have promised——

Mar. I know you have; and like other managers, you will keep your word—as well as you can. (*going, L.H.*)

Man. But a lady that you know, has insisted that——

Mar. Never mind, I'll bring you thro'—you know my talent that way,—Encore from the boxes—'kerchiefs waving in the pit—bravoes from the gallery, &c.

[*Exit speaking, L.H. 2nd E.*]

Man. Damme, he'll let nobody speak but himself. I am in a pretty scrape—if I comply with his request, I shall

bring down the vengeance of the great London actress, who is to do so much good for me at the opening of my new theatre,—that will never do; on the other hand, if I offend this young Rattlepate, his interest is so great in the fashionable world, that he may come down and spoil my season. I have it—I'll write him a note—stating it won't suit me to receive his young protegee till this day three weeks—I shall then have received the services of her cousin, and thus serve myself all ways. Tricking is as fair in theatrical management as in politics. Frederick!

Enter FREDERICK, (L.H.)

Fred. Sir?

Man. Have you been to the printer's?

Fred. Yes, sir,—here's a letter for you.

Man. Is there? I hope the postage is paid. (*reads the letter*) "Sir, I hear you are making up a company of comedians for Eastbourn. If you want a young man that can play every thing, you cannot do better than engage me. I have every line of Shakspeare by heart—O'Keefe and Colman are at my fingers ends, I can play Richard like Kean, Crack like Munden, Hamlet like Kemble, Dennis Brulgruddery like Johnstone, and Cantwell like Dowton; in short, in me you would have an entire London company. My terms are moderate—bread and cheese, and all the first-rate parts." I'm afraid this youth professes too much. There, sit down—look over the list of plays and select a few of the best to open our campaign. (*Frederick places himself at one table, Manager at the other*) I'll write to my literary friend, and endeavour to make——

Fred. (*reading list of Plays*) 'The Fop's Fortune.'—(*sings*) 'My heart with love is beating.'

Man. It would be better if it beat with any thing else.

Fred. Suppose we open, sir, with the 'Way to get married?'

Man. Yes, that will do for the play, and let the 'Divorce' follow. (*writing*) Sir, I have considered——

Fred. (*reads*) 'How to grow rich.'

Man. (*writing*) There is nothing like having——

Fred. (*reads*) 'Two strings to your bow'

Man. (*writing*) I never like to be brought to the——

Fred. (*reads*) 'Manager's last kick.'

Man. (*writing*) You would bring——

Fred. (reads) 'The World in a Village.'—

Man. (writing) —The end must be——

Fred. (reads) 'An agreeable surprise.'

Man. (writing) —It is an old saying——

Fred. (reads) 'No Fool like an old Fool.'

Man. (writing) I hope you won't turn out——

Fred. (reads) 'The Green Man.'

Man. (writing) —If so——

Fred. (reads) 'Exit by Mistake.' (*Fred. steals off, L.H.*
and Maria enters, L.H. 2d E.)

MARIA, *speaking as she enters.*

Mar. Vere well—Shew me to Monsieur le Directeur of de Spectacle, dis moment. Is dis de gentleman?—Monsieur—(*curtseying very formally*) Sair, I sal speak to Monsieur le Directeur of de Spectacle.

Man. I am lie, madam, at your service. May I beg to know your commands?

Mar. Eh bien! ver well, sair; you ave all de politesse. I am just arrive from de Grand Opera a Paris. Now, sair, if you wish von vere clever pearson, I sal engager moi meme, myself, wid you. All de world come see me, I am so vere clever.

Man. Madam, you give yourself an excellent character.

Mar. No, monsieur, I do not give a myself de caractere, de approbation of de public give it for me—vous understand?

Man. (aside) If I do, it's more than the audience will, I believe. Oh yes, madam, perfectly well.

Mar. Oni, yes; I speak de Anglis so vell as I vas born von littel child upon dis place.

Man. No, not so well as that, neither,—there is a kind of a foreign accent that would betray you to an English audience.

Mar. (sharply) Sair—I never vas betray myself to de Anglis audience. What you mean, sair?—Betray! if I engage wid you, I sal have all vat you get, and leave you no so much as de profit;—dat, I believe, is de way de foreigner engager vid de Anglis.

Man. You are pretty near the mark, I believe, madam. but the foreigner takes pretty good care the English shall not do the same by him.

Mar. Oni, monsieur; you must pay for de superbe of de foreigner. De Anglis are a little what you see every day;



dey ave not de mannare—de air—de grace—de imposition. No, you see noting like me in de Anglis.

Man. You may be very clever, for what I know to the contrary—but I have seen a little English actress, and if she has not the foreign manner—de air—de grace—de imposition, as you call it, it would be rather difficult to excel.

Mar. Sair, I must tell you, you vas von very rude gentilhomme,—I never vas speak so before, sair! I should like vere much to see dis lady.

Man. She is reflected in Nature's mirror, madam. Consult the glass, and you will not fail to find her.

Mar. I must tell you, you vas von silly gentilhomme, or you vould know we ave noting to do wid Nature at de Opera a Paris. I sal kill you dead ven I tell you, I am de vere clever Mademoiselle Josephine, from Paris—dat I sal no engaged wi you,—and dat you may keep dat—dat Madam Nature.—But before I go, I sal give you to know vat you ave lose in no having von personage, comme moi.

MARIA—MOCK BRAVURA.

Recitative.

Attendez moi, and directiment I'll show,
At Paris, monsieur, how de belle and de beau
Give de representation at de grand opera—

Air.

First de belle—she advance,
Vit de step like de dance—
De old beau follow, vid step of great fear—a—
To de lady so fair
He his passion declare,
Vit de shrug and de sigh,
Ah, ma chere, I sal die!
Pity ma passiou—pity pauvre moi.

Enrage; she say—Allez, Monsieur, allez;
Vous old beau; vous antique; un autre vous seek.
Je suis engager to the grand chevalier.
Then le Chevalier approche, he draw his sword—a,
They fight—the lady faint, but never say a word—a.
The one he thrust comme sa—

(*During this song, she drives the Manager over to L.H. D. and thrusts at him with her fan; and when he parries, strikes him on the cheek.*)

L'autre parry so—

The old beau is disarm—a—

He offer de apologie, bow, retire. Lady recover from alarm—a—
She cry—ma chere; il dit ma chere embrassez moi.

Exit, L.H. 2nd E.

